

CAN'T FIND OLD MAN COHEN'S HEAD.

Tragic Mystery That Is Stirring a Little Massachusetts Town.

Charred Trunk Was Found Beneath the Ruins of His Burned Dwelling.

What Was First Thought to Be an Accident May Prove a Ghastly Murder.

STRANGE STORY OF TWO OLD MAIDS.

Efforts Being Made to Get from Them Information Concerning the Old Man's Habits and His Death.

(After the burning of the house in which William Cohen, a peevish character of Clinton, Mass., had long lived, his charred and mutilated trunk was found and buried. It was thought at the time that Cohen's death was the result of accident, but certain suspicious facts, which came out after the funeral, led the authorities to investigate, and the result of their investigation will be found in the following dispatch.)

Clinton, Mass., May 13.—Few persons here now doubt that William Cohen was murdered, that his body was cut to pieces and his house burned down over the fragments of the body. The theory of murder was greatly strengthened to-day by a search in the ashes.

Detectives from Worcester, with many volunteers, went to the ruins of the Cohen house and worked all day. Every coal was lifted out of the ashes, the well was examined, the woods about the house searched, but no trace of Cohen's head was found, not even a tooth. This leads to the gruesome conclusion that the head was buried or concealed elsewhere than in the house. The examination of the ruins seems to show conclusively that Cohen's dismembered body must have been in the basement before the fire commenced, as the charred door timbers have dropped upon it.

The officers are confident that a foul crime has been committed, and the search for the head of the corpse will be continued. To-morrow a searching party will scour the woods in all directions from the scene of the fire. Every rock will be overturned, and even the basements of the farm houses and stables around Bolton looked into. A belief exists that the head will be found. The supposition that Cohen was murdered does not rest entirely on the absence of the head. The officers have learned many facts that seem most peculiar and make it easy to get at a motive for murder. At one time it seemed likely that arrests would be made to-day, but the officers prefer to wait for more evidence.

The story of Cohen's life is a strange one. He was a war veteran, and after the war went into the coal-making business. There was then a coal factory in Clinton. Cohen was ingenious and invented and patented many devices. The value of these patents is unknown, but the detectives intend to look into the matter. During the war Cohen received a dangerous sabre cut on the top and back of his head. Six years later the wound reopened and the man's brain was seriously affected by the illness that followed.

With the savings of years Cohen had purchased land and was considered well to do, but after his illness he immediately began to throw his money around in the strangest ways. He wanted much of his property in drinking and betting in the years that ensued. Finally his wife appealed to the court, and the Judge pronounced Cohen incompetent, and a guardian was appointed. From that day to the day of his death the man was always a ward in the eyes of the law. During the last five years his guardian had been Emory Haines, the Town Clerk of Bolton, who lives less than a mile from the house that was burned.

HE TREASURED A COPPER. When a guardian was first named, Mrs. Cohen left her home and her daughter, went to Connecticut, and has never returned to her husband. It was discovered to-day in the ashes of Cohen's house that the eccentric man carried in a pocket of his vest a copper cent piece that was known to have been given to him fifteen years ago by a woman named Lydia Clapp, perhaps the oldest character in this strange life drama. Cohen took Lydia as his housekeeper when his wife left him.

Cohen wanted to get away from his guardian, and with Lydia Clapp moved to a little house he owned five miles from Clinton, on the Bolton road, where the couple lived for five years. Miss Clapp, now unmarried at fifty years of age, took two infant children of her brother Seth Clapp, and later sent to Athol, Mass., for her sister Della Clapp, an old maid like herself. The two maids, who are about of an age, have lived in the little house since that time, and the children are with them.

On New Year's day last, Cohen moved to the house that was burned over his body. He bought the farm with \$1,500 he inherited from his sister last year. His horse stood back from the Lancaster cross roads, and while on a knoll it was partly hidden by an orchard and heavy pine trees which stood so close to the house that they were nearly destroyed by the fire. Cohen's house was half a mile from the home of the two old maids, one of whom he often declared was the only person he ever loved.

To-day the State detectives have obtained evidence regarding the past of the Clapps which they consider of great importance. It is developed that the Clapp family is notorious. One of the boys, Rube, with his brother, started a mint, it is said, in the woods near Stow, and went into the business of coining nickels. Rube was caught and sent to prison, but died in an asylum. Another of the Clapp brothers—Seth, the father of the children the maids now have—was said to be mixed up in an arson case at Stow, but the charge against him was not proven. The other brother, named Philo, singularly enough, under the most rigid questioning to-day the Clapp sisters declared they did not know where their brothers were living, and could not suggest how to find them. One of the maids said she thought the boys lived in Connecticut, but that was as far as she would go.

Another interesting fact was given to the officers this afternoon by Mrs. Cohen, the bright looking widow, who had come from Connecticut for the funeral. Mrs. Cohen said she had sued for divorce, and the case



A STREET CAR IN WHICH ONE MAY RIDE IN COMFORT.

It was put on the Desbrosses street division of the Dry Dock line for the first time yesterday, and is far superior to any cars now in use. The seats are so arranged that contact more floor room is given to those passengers who are compelled to stand.

was to have been heard on Thursday, four days after Cohen's awful death. If Mrs. Cohen had won the suit, half of the property held in trust by the guardian would have been hers at once. No one in Clinton or Bolton knew of this suit, except Cohen and the Clapp sisters, who admitted to-day that Cohen had told them of it. If Cohen made a will it was probably burned in the fire that charred his own body almost beyond recognition.

OLD MAIDS THINK THEY OWN IT.

The detectives also ascertained this afternoon that the Clapp sisters now hold what they think to be a title to the house they live in, and the small farm it is on. The property belonged to Cohen. He gave the sister Lydia a document, which now proves to be a life lease of the place. He also gave the other sister a similar document, for which she paid him \$100. When one of the sisters was closely questioned her ignorance of the technical nature of these transactions was apparent, for she said she owned the parlor, one bedroom and half the attic, while her sister owned the rest of the house. It is a peculiar incident in the story of this mystery that Lydia Clapp, who, according to her own statement, was to have married Cohen after his divorce, was the very woman who pointed out the mutilated corpse in the ruins of his house, while others had been looking for the body in vain.

The Clapp sisters state that Cohen probably dropped a match on the floor and burned himself up, one of them declaring that Cohen often dropped matches on the floor at her house and kept her putting out fires. The only backing this story has is the statement of a neighbor, who moved Cohen's effects when he changed homes. This neighbor says there were marks on Cohen's bedclothes where they had been burned by matches or sparks from his pipe. The theory does not account for the missing head, which the detectives are not willing to believe the fire totally consumed.

The headless body buried at the funeral has been exhumed, and will be held for the inquest, which promises to be as interesting as a Coroner's inquiry as was ever held in this county.

COMFORT IN STREET CARS.

Dry Dock Line Has a Vehicle Containing Individual Chairs for Passengers.

The new improved car which has been built for the Dry Dock, East Broadway & Battery Railroad Company made its first trip yesterday from the Grand Street Ferry to West Street. It is a Summer and a Winter car combined. Individual chairs are placed at an angle to the length of the car, enabling passengers to look out of the window on their side of the car without craning their necks. It also increases the space in the middle of the car for standing room, and gives the impression to those inside that the actual width of the car has been increased.

The comfort of the passengers is much enhanced by this method of seating, and prevents the fat person's nuisance. Nobody's elbows can threaten his neighbors' ribs, and those sitting can put their feet out of danger from those standing.

The windows are larger than in any other street car, and extend lower down the sides. When opened they sink out of sight, as they are lowered instead of being raised. This converts the car into an open Summer car in a few minutes.

The car is the work of C. E. Gray, the master mechanic of the road, who said yesterday that the inside capacity was increased 20 per cent by the present arrangement of seats.

MORTON HAS NOT ACTED.

Favorites of Various Qualifications Mentioned for the Greater New York Commission.

Governor Morton, according to present indications, will take his time about appointing the members of the Greater New York Commission, but speculation on the subject continues lively, and the list of names constantly increases. It seems to be the general impression that New York will get six of the nine commissioners to be chosen, that Kings County will get two and that the other districts combined will have to be satisfied with one.

Among the New Yorkers mentioned for the commission are ex-Judge Noah Davis, Joseph H. Choate and ex-Mayors Ely, Grace, Curry and Grant.

Prominent among the Brooklynites who are spoken of are Benjamin D. Stillman, ex-Mayors Schroeder, Schieren and Whitney, Asa W. Tenney, Hugo Hirsch and J. T. Strahan. If Richmond County is to be honored it is believed the choice will lie between Lawyers George J. Greenfield, Sidney F. Davison, Richard L. R. Finch and John Widdicombe and prominent business men like C. W. Hunt and George King. Queens County does not expect to see any one of its citizens appointed. It will have to be satisfied with Mayor Gleason as its representative.

A Fashionable Christening.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed was christened Mary Symphonora yesterday afternoon by Archbishop Corrigan in the baptistry of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Countess Gherardeschi was her godmother, the child's grandmother, Mrs. James Bonnelly, acting as proxy. Among those who witnessed the ceremony were Mrs. Paul Thebaud, Miss Annie Leary, Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Mrs. Edmund Kelly, Mr. Thomas Kelly and Mrs. Ford.

WATER WILL STOP THE TIGER'S HUNT.

Tammany's Ambition Opposed by Greater New York Democrats.

Leaders in Kings, Queens and Richmond Counties Refuse to Be Eaten.

GLEASON SWINGS THE BATTLE-AXE. County Organizations Will Be Kept In Contact by Bosses Who Fear the Effect of Surrender to the Schemers and Braves.

Greater Tammany for Greater New York is not regarded favorably by the leaders of the most powerful Democratic organizations in Kings and Queens counties. If Tammany makes the effort to extend its lines it will meet with determined opposition. Such, at least, was the opinion emphatically expressed yesterday by members of the regular Democratic party in Brooklyn, and by the Battle Axemen who shook things up for Patrick J. Gleason, in Long Island City.

Neither Ross McLaughlin nor Boss Gleason relishes the prospect of furnishing a meal for the hungry Tiger, and if the beast swallows them it will only be after as vigorous a fight as they are able to make. McLaughlin and Gleason are both suspicious of Tammany Hall. Each boss has some friends in that organization, but each has many enemies there.

McLaughlin, in by gone days, and at various crises in Tammany's career, has sided with the opposition, and he believes that his action has neither been forgotten nor forgiven, and that many powerful foes among the braves and schemers are awaiting with sharpened tomahawks the first favorable opportunity to take his political scalp.

The schemers of the Wigwag will be able to get very little comfort out of the following interviews: Nicholas Muller, Democratic King Pin of Staten Island—I have been in favor of Greater New York from the beginning, and I am very much pleased that it has become law, but as regards this talk about the extension of Tammany's lines into Richmond County, I consider it premature. There will be plenty of time between now and the adoption of the charter to form opinions on this question.

Mayor Patrick J. Gleason, of Long Island City—We don't want Tammany Hall over here. We have a little Tammany Hall of our own, composed of braves who swing the battle axe. We propose to keep our organization intact, and we don't propose to be swallowed up by Tammany. I have friends in Tammany as I have foes. I've been treated badly by men among them, from Hill down. I've been fighting my own political battles for twenty years, and I'm not through fighting yet. Let Tammany swallow some one else. I refuse to be swallowed.

I dare say that Tammany can find followers everywhere, but those who have faithfully stood by me so long will continue to do so. Ex-Police Commissioner James D. Bell, of Brooklyn—I must confess that I want to know more about a scheme of that kind before I can talk intelligently on it. I do not believe that there is anything in it. I don't know if anybody in the Democratic party in Kings County has thought the matter out. Certainly if any one has done so I haven't heard of it. You will find usually that politicians don't prepare for battle two years ahead, but do the best they can with the enemy immediately in front of them. I don't anticipate any clash between the Democratic parties in the greater city. Where men agree upon

Special Notices.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A VIGOROUS GROWTH AND THE ORIGINAL color given to the hair by Parker's Hair Balsam. Parker's Glycerine Tonic the best cough cure.

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Over Six Hundred Physicians not only prescribe Dr. H. C. Smith's Mineral Waters, but they and their families also use them.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c.

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a set of opinions minor difficulties must give way to the general good.

Ex-Sheriff John Courtney, of Kings County—It's time enough to bid the devil good morning when you meet him. When Greater New York is operating under the new charter it will be time enough to discuss Tammany's absorption of our organization. I for one am opposed to any such thing. Consolidation will not blot out Kings County, and we must keep our organization intact. There is no good reason why we should surrender it to Tammany.

Bernard J. York, of Brooklyn—No one is in a position to say now what will be the outcome of the Greater New York agitation. One thing is pretty certain, however, and that is that Tammany has and will have for some time quite enough to do to look after its interests in its present territory without seeking to extend the field of operations. If it thinks otherwise and tries to get into Kings County it may find it has a pretty large camel to swallow.

We want our own candidates to be sworn in. Our organization, at least, in district matters, must be kept separate from Tammany. We must be permitted to do our own selecting of candidates for Assembly, county office and Congressmen, even if we do unite to choose a Mayor for the greater city.

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CURSED. For 16 Years Compelled to Eat a Pound of Poison Weekly.

Saved at Last by a Wonderful Antidote—An Almost Incredible Story of Suffering Told by a Louisiana.

It is wonderful what a human being will endure. Just look around and see the people who are suffering from the most terrible diseases. They will not be imposed upon. She is bound to get even—to square accounts. So man starts a habit, but nature continues it, and, for punishment, he can't quit. Take the case of George Rathbun. For sixteen years he had to live his system with poison to keep from going insane, and he would still be on the rack of torture had not No-To-Bac cured him—cured the habit of sixteen years in sixteen days. Read his letter.

Gentlemen: I have been completely cured of the tobacco habit by using No-To-Bac. I used tobacco for sixteen years, four pounds a month, and I believe that No-To-Bac will cure any one that will take half a box. I took six boxes, and the next day I was cured. I am now a free man, and I am very much pleased that it has become law, but as regards this talk about the extension of Tammany's lines into Richmond County, I consider it premature. There will be plenty of time between now and the adoption of the charter to form opinions on this question.

Now, dear reader, tobacco-cure for a little or a long time, don't say "I can't be cured." No-To-Bac makes it so easy to quit. Buy it and will do you so much good for your nerves, blood and manhood. You don't have to take any medicine. Buy it from your own druggist under absolute guarantee of cure. Get our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." Written guarantee and free samples mailed for the asking. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Asthma

The gasping, wheezing and shortness of breath in may be instantly relieved and permanently cured by "Booth's Hyomeo" Pocket Inhaler. The new and wonderful Australian "Dry-Air" treatment of throat and lung diseases.

"CURES BY INHALATION."

At all druggists, \$1.00, or at office. Consultation free. Send for free pamphlet.

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VILLAGERS READY TO FLEE FROM FLAMES.

Miles of Long Island Territory Burned Over and Small Towns in Danger.

Ex-President Harrison's Summer Cottage in the Adirondacks Is Threatened.

LESS DANGER IN NEW JERSEY.

Hard Fight to Save a Powder Mill from Blowing Up—Rains Needed to Save Further Heavy Property Losses.

It is estimated that more than 40,000 acres have been burned over by the forest fires in Long Island, and a bad turn of the wind would put the villages of Westhampton, Speonk, Quogue and Eastport in serious danger, while Bohemia, Sayville and Islip residents do not feel safe. People have packed their goods and are ready to flee.

Standing timber, outbuildings, and fences have been swept away in the billows of flame. A ten-mile long by five miles wide in Southampton, has been burned over. Queens and Suffolk counties are dark with smoke. Carriage roads are useless by reason of the heat and smoke. Business is suspended in many of the villages.

The country is so dry that the least spark starts a new blaze almost instantly and only general rain will be of much help. Yesterday was the sixth day of the forest fire near Eastport and Speonk, L. I., and still it burns in spite of the hard work by the volunteer firemen. The shifting wind has fanned it all day. Hundreds of the residents of Eastport and Speonk fought from early morning to prevent it from reaching the villages.

Time and time again they burned ahead of the main body of flame, but apparently it made no difference. The fire would jump and catch in a new spot, and when the two bodies of fire met the collision reminded the spectators of an extensive display of fireworks. A serious time was avoided by a change of wind just at the critical moment.

The most valuable property in danger was that belonging to the Long Island Country Club. The superintendent, H. C. Tutbill, was at the seat of trouble all day. At one time it was thought impossible to save the house of Mr. Granor, as well as the turkey

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